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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.

BAKER'S EDITION
OF PLAYS

DOCTOR McBEATEM



COMEDY



TRAGEDY

WALTER H. BAKER & CO.
BOSTON

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A. W. PINERO'S PLAYS.

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DR. McBEATEM

A Farce in One Act

By F. E. HILAND

AUTHOR OF "ROONEY'S RESTAURANT," "A TOWN MEETING," "BROKEN
BONDS," "CARELESS CUPID," "CAPTAIN SWELL," ETC.

BOSTON

Walter H. Baker & Co.

1899

DR. McBEATEM.

CHARACTERS.

DENNIS McBEATEM, *a soldier of fortune.*

HENRY HARDUP, *a journalist.*

SUNFLOWER, *his servant.*

TABITHA GONEBY, *an old maid.*

SUSAN SWEETBRIAR, *her niece.*

COSTUMES.

DENNIS, shabby genteel.

HARDUP, plain clothes, short coat.

SUNFLOWER, white coat, light pants.

TABITHA, dark dress, black bonnet, ancient.

SUSAN, modern summer costume.



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DR. McBEATEM.

SCENE I.—*Plain interior. Table and chairs. HARDUP discovered seated near table. Sofa R. C.*

HARD. Home at last after a six weeks' vacation in the country! I've had a splendid time, but my uncle, the Jew, will make me pay roundly for it when I come to settle with him. Now, if I could only have made up my mind to have married that old maid I met up there, and scooped in her money, I should have saved myself the humiliation of being dunned twenty times a day by importunate traders and grasping tailors. But I couldn't quite go the old lady. On the contrary, I feel most desperately in love with her pretty niece, who is as poor as I am, and that's poor enough I'm sure. H'm! Why is it that a pretty face and poverty generally go together? Well, I'll call Sunflower and see how matters have been going in my absence. *(Calls.)* Sunflower, come in here.

Enter SUNFLOWER, R.

SUN. What's wantin', sah?

HARD. I suppose you have had several callers since I have been away.

SUN. Yes, sah, had two tree mos' ebbery day.

HARD. And what did they say when you informed them that I was out?

SUN. Well, dey said dat dey guessed dey was out too.

HARD. I suppose Shears, the tailor, has been here after his bill.

SUN. Oh, yes; sebberal times, sah.

HARD. What did he say when you told him that the last coat he made me was too short?

SUN. Well, sah, he 'lowed dat it would be long enough afore he got his pay for it.

HARD. Old Waxend, the shoemaker, has been round trying to thorn me, hasn't he?

SUN. Yes, sah, an' he said dat ef yo' didn't pay him for dat ar pair ob boots dat he'd lower yo' standin' in society.

HARD. How will he do that?

SUN. Well, he 'lowed dat ef he got a chance at yo', yo' wouldn't stan' any higher dan yo' was in yo' stockins feet.

HARD. Oh! I see that they are preparing to make this town highly interesting for me. Go and see what you can scare up for breakfast and I will go to work on my next article for the Weekly Howler.

[Exit SUNFLOWER, R.]

TAB. (*outside, R.*). Get out of the way, yew black nigger! I don't keer if yer master is busy. He'll have more business on his hands when I get hold of him, I reckon.

Enter R., TABITHA and SUSAN.

TAB. Wretch! Monster! Crocodile! I've hunted yew down at last! Now I'll teach you better than to trifle with my tender affections.

HARD. (*aside*). Heavens! Here's a go! The old cat has smelled me out, and I'm in for some lively music. (*Aloud.*) Calm yourself, my dear madam. Pray be seated. To what fortunate circumstance do I owe this most welcome visit?

TAB. None of your palaver, sir. I've heard too much of that already. This 'ere visit means business. You stole my young and fluttering heart and then basely deserted me; but I don't mean tew let this chance slip through my fingers. I'm a business young woman, I am, and I've got a minister and a lawyer in my carriage down to the door. It's either one or the other for you to deal with now, young man; so take your choice.

HARD. (*aside*). There is but one way of escape and I'll take it. (*Aloud.*) Dear Tabby, who could resist thy gentle smile! Bring on your minister and we will be made one. (*Hand to head.*) Ha! how the room whirls round! I fear I must have caught the fever from the next door lodger! Oh, I am burning up! Dearest, farewell forever! Ha! my brain is on fire! Roll that wheel! We are the people, and must be heard!

[*Staggers round; falls on lounge; groans, howls and kicks. Great confusion. SUSAN wrings her hands.*]

TAB. Water! Water, quick!

Enter SUNFLOWER, R. He catches up water and throws some on to her. She chases him around stage, beating him over the head with her parasol.

SCENE II.—*A street.*

Enter DENNIS, R.

DEN. Arrah, now, yez thafe av ther wurruld. Yez jisht

come out here an' Oi'll be after tachin' yez betther manners than ter be showin' a gintleman the dure wid ther toe av yer bute! Sure an' it's ther third toime Oi've had ther same thing happen ter me widin a wake. Bedad, Oi begin ter belave ther paypul av this town are harborin' a resintmint agin me humble silf. Oi saw an advertoisement in the paypur that an ould leddy wanted a companion ter rade the books an' paypurs til her, and miade bowld ter answer ther same in person, wid ther result afore mintioned. Shure this is a cruel wurruld, so it is. (*Feels in pockets.*) Devil a cint have Oi at all at all. Bedad, Oi'll hev ter spind ther night at the Peeler's Hotel. Well, that's not ther worsht place in the wurruld. It's thrue that they feed their cushtomers on cold nothin', but then yez nivir hear of any av thim bein' robbed, and the nixt marnin' mosht av thim git three months more thin they asked for. (*Song may be introduced; at close, starts to go L., runs into SUNFLOWER, who enters in great haste.*) Take care there, naygur, don't yez know any betther thin ter be thyring ter huzzle wan av ther aldermen av ther city off ther sidewalk?

SUN. Beg pardon, boss, but I'se in a druffle hurry. I'se after de doctor ter see my massa. Got ter git one right squar off.

DEN. (*assuming grand air*). Sake no funder, me frind. Wan av ther fursht physicians in ther city now stands before yez.

SUN. Sho! Am dat so? Whar's yo' office?

DEN. Down strate. Ther same number as ther perlice station. Where am I wanted now?

SUN. Come on. I'll show yo' de way. My boss am took sudden wid sumfin' awful. Golly, yer ought ter see him. Jes howls an' kicks all de time.

DEN. Kicks, does he? (*Aside.*) Tin ter one he kicks me out dures in half a minute. (*Aloud.*) Lade on, naygur, ther light av science is now about to be turned on yez mashter.

[*Exeunt L. Scene draws off.*]

SCENE III.—*Same as Scene I. HARDUP on sofa, groaning and waving his arms around; SUSAN leaning over him smoothing his hair; TABITHA seated in chair R.*

TAB. Don't make so much fuss over him, Susan. Any one can see that you are dead in love with him; but he don't care the snap of his finger for yew.

SUS. Perhaps you know more about that than I do. Any way he didn't seem to be overjoyed at the prospect of marrying you, for it has thrown him into a fit.

TAB. Humph! Some folks give themselves great airs for poor relations. You'll find it's a long lane that don't turn, Miss Susan. Now, mind what I tell ye.

SUS. I'm poor enough, goodness knows, but I haven't had to chase round all over the country to try and find a husband.

TAB. No, the fools of men run after you, because they are amused by your simplicity, but when they find that you are poorer than Job's turkey, they soon get sick of their bargain, I reckon.

SUS. Why not give me enough for a marriage portion? Then some one will take me off your hands.

TAB. Because I don't consider you old enough to get married yet. Mere chits of girls like you are not of sufficient age to know their own minds.

SUS. Indeed! That cannot be the reason why you don't know yours.

TAB. What do you mean, you sassy minx?

SUS. Why, you see, Aunt Tabby, you've tried to get engaged to ten men during the last six months. Now you surely couldn't have been in love with them all.

TAB. Ah, yew little know the all-embracing power of true love!

SUS. I don't want to, if I've got to run after every man I see.

TAB. Yew act silly enough after this one, anyhow. But yew shan't have him, Miss Upstart. He'll marry me or go to jail.

SUS. How can you talk so, when he may be lying at the point of death. (HARDUP *groans*.) Dear Henry, don't you feel better now?

[*More groans; he kicks and threshes.*]

TAB. What a fool I was to let the minister go home. He might have married us anyway, and now death may rob me of my prey—I mean my husband.

Enter SUNFLOWER, R., *followed by* DENNIS.

SUN. Heah comes de doctah man.

DEN. Yer mosht obejient sarvant, ladies.

[*Business; makes great show; takes off gloves very slowly; gloves are full of holes. Then he advances in mock dignified way to lounge.*]

SUS. Oh, Doctor, tell us what is the matter with him.

[DENNIS *sits; feels* HARDUP'S *pulse; drops his jaw; opens eyes very wide.*]

DEN. (to HARDUP). Put out yer tongue—put out yer tongue, Oi say. (*Shaking him.*) Put out yer tongue, ye divil, afore Oi choke yez. (HARDUP *puts out his tongue.*) Howly Moses! The lasht man Oi had wid a tongue loike that didn't live a wake.

TAB. If you understand his case I want you to describe it.

DEN. Describe it, is it? Sure, while Oi'm describin' ther case he may be afther kickin' ther bucket. But ter jesht give yez a little idea of phat ails him, Oi'll say that the right oblongated has got tangled up wid the left bicupid diaphragm, thereby causing a stoppage of the sub-frontal eye-winker, together with the entire discombobilation of the back action jaw smacker, an' it's mighty doubtful if Oi kin make him a well man afore a month. *[Looks very wise.]*

SUS. Oh, dear, I'm afraid he's going to die!

DEN. Niver fear, mum, Oi'll kape him alive as long as the money lashts.

TAB. Under what system do you propose to treat him, sir?

DEN. Under the human system, begorrah.

SUS. I insist that he be treated by a homeopath.

DEN. All right. Naygur, bring me a pinch av salt an' a tub of wather.

TAB. And I say he shall be treated by an allopath.

DEN. Then bring me a tub av salt an' a pinch of wather.

SUS. and TAB. We won't have any such doctoring!

DEN. All right, ladies. Since yez cannot agree, Oi'll jisht interjuce me own tratemint, which consists in the noble science of mesmerism. *(Rolls up sleeves and commences to make passes.)* Begorries, Oi feel the power comin' on now. *(Doubles up SUNFLOWER, who happens to get near, by smack in the stomach.)* Luk out naygur. It's powerful stuff.

SUS. I beliebe yer.

[DENNIS, business ad lib., with HARDUP. Gets him to stand up, dance, etc.]

TAB. Oh, Doctor, what a powerful mind you must have to do such things. You are just the kind of a man that a simple, trusting maiden like myself can lean on with entire confidence.

[Leans on his shoulder.]

DEN. Begorries, Oi'd much ruther ye'd lane yer confidence on me an' yer weight on an aisy-chair.

[Shakes her off; she goes up.]

SUS. *(coming forward and giving her hand)*. Accept my gratitude and thanks. You have saved him.

DEN. Don't mintion it, me dear young leddy. It's nothin' to what Oi'm doin' iviry day av me loife. *(SUSAN goes up. Aside.)* Shure, she's as swate as ther dew on ould Ireland's shamrock. *(HARDUP groans.)* Oi'll hev ter lave a prescription, so Oi will. *(Takes paper and writes; reads aloud as he writes.)* "One pound of shingle nails and a quart of toothpicks. Half-a-dozen lemons and five boxes of Herrick's pills. One pound of alum and a quart of castor oil." *(Folds.)* Here, naygur, take

147 lines of text

this to the drug store—quick. Shure, that's the first doctor's prescription that any man could rade.

[*Exit* SUNFLOWER *with prescription*. HARDUP *commences to groan and kick worse than ever*.]

SUS. Oh, dear, he's growing worse, and I'm afraid he's poisoned himself. He said he would before he'd marry Aunt Tabby.

DEN. Pizined, is it? Shure, phy didn't yez say that wurrud before. Where's me tools?

[*Rushes round and off R.; returns with hammer and hand-saw*.]

TAB. What are you going to do now?

DEN. Do, is it? Phy cut him open ter git at ther pizen, av coorse. Yez had betther git out of this afore the blud begins ter run.

TAB. Oh, dear, Susan, come quick, I'm going to faint. Oh, he'll die, I know he'll die, and another chance gone forever.

[*Exeunt R.* DENNIS *approaches lounge with tools*.]

HARD. (*suddenly sitting up*). Look here, sir, what in time are you about?

DEN. About five fate six. How much are ye?

HARD. See here, now, I ain't sick.

DEN. Begobs, Oi'll mate yez half way—I'm no doctor.

HARD. No doctor! Then what are you?

DEN. (*straightening up*). A soldier of fortune, bejabers.

HARD. A soldier of fortune! Then you wouldn't object to making a fortune, I suppose.

DEN. Av ye've any doubts on that subject, show me a chance an' say me jump fur it.

HARD. I'm in a bad fix, and if you'll help me out you can earn my gratitude and make a fortune besides. That old tabby cat in there fancies herself in love with me, and was going to sue me for breach of promise; so I had to play sick to get rid of her. Understand?

DEN. Yes, an' I kim along jisht in sayson to save yer loife.

HARD. Now, I've a scheme to get rid of her for good. That is to find some one who will marry her for her money. I want you to consent to be the victim.

DEN. Howly Moses! Oi'm in a shrape now!

HARD. I know she's old and ugly, but then she's got fifty thousand dollars.

DEN. Fifty thousand dollars! Begorries der yer moind that? Five hundred thousand drinks! Lade on, man. The older she is, the sooner she'll lave me a widdy.

HARD. Very well, then. Now prepare for a conquest.

[*Exit R.*]

DEN. Sure Oi'm in luck this toime. Fifty thousand shiners

right in me fisht. Oi'll win, sure, for who cud resist me gin-teel appearance?

Re-enter HARDUP, SUSAN and TABITHA.

HARD. Yes, ladies, and I owe my sudden recovery entirely to this distinguished gentleman whom I have discovered to be an Irish nobleman in disguise. Miss Tabitha Goneby, allow me to present Sir Michael Toddyblossom of Knock-me-down Hollow—Miss Susan Sweetbrier—Sir Michael Toddyblossom.

[Business.]

TAB. Then you are an Irish knight. How delightful! I suppose you have several ancestral castles. Will you kindly tell me the names of some of them?

DEN. Wid playsure, yer leddyship, there's Fore-castle, Castle Garden an—an—Casibianicca, begorries.

[They sit; HARDUP and SUSAN off L. conversing.]

TAB. I suppose you often went to court.

DEN. Och, yis, yis, yer leddyship, Oi wint ter court wid Tim Finnegan's daughter sivin toimes a wake.

TAB. Can you tell me some of your early recollections?

DEN. Will, the first thing Oi remimber was havin' a foight wid ther pig ter say who should slape in the bid.

TAB. I suppose you gentlemen of the nobility often attended places of amusement.

DEN. Sure we did that. There was a wake or a fray foight goin' on mosht iviry noight.

TAB. Did you attend the races?

DEN. Indade, yis. I attinded a race the lasht day I was in the ould country.

TAB. What kind of a race was it?

DEN. A human race, begorries.

TAB. A *human* race!

DEN. Yis; me on wan side and a big peeler on the other. I bate him by jesht a foot, an left me coat-tails in his fisht.

TAB. I suppose you are familiar with the poets. Is Tennyson one of your favorites?

DEN. Will Oi never thought much of his son, but Oi used to be did in love wid his daughter.

TAB. Then I judge that you think the ladies of Ireland more charming than those of this country.

DEN. Och, no, no, yer leddyship. I've mit ladies in this country that had fifty thousand more charms than they hid.

TAB. Ah, I'm afraid you're a sad flatterer.

DEN. Flattery, is it? Divil a bit. Och, yer leddyship, Oi must tell yez how Oi fale. I knew the fusht minnit Oi set eyes on yez that yez were the woman fur my money—Oi mane that

Oi was the man fur your money—excuse this emotion, me leddy, but my heart is too full to spake. Wid fifty thousand emotions throbbin' through me breast Oi kin only knale at yez feet and say (*kneels*)—yez money or yez life!

TAB. Your embarrassment is excusable. Though your language is not quite clear, I understand that you make me an offer of marriage.

DEN. (*they rise*). That's jist phat Oi mane.

TAB. Oh, Sir Michael, are you *sure* you love me for myself alone, and not for my money?

DEN. Sure, if yez have any doubts about it jisht lind me tin dollars and say whether Oi'll iver mintion it agin.

TAB. My young and trusting heart can no longer withstand your advances. Ah, my dear Sir Michael, I am yours till death.

DEN. (*aside*). Sure Oi wonder how long that will be.

Enter HARDUP and SUSAN, L.

HARD. Well, Miss Goneby, you and Sir Michael seem to be getting on swimmingly.

TAB. (*with dignity*). Sir Michael has done me the honor to offer his heart and hand which I have accepted. He seems to have more appreciation for the affections of a true-hearted woman than some people I know of.

HARD. Indeed! Then I presume you will no longer think of taking the law upon me.

TAB. I shall not.

HARD. And you will consent to my marriage with Susan?

TAB. I will; and as I perceive that Sir Michael is a man of plain tastes I shall make over the bulk of my property to her, as the land knows you ain't smart enough to get a living.

DEN. (*overcome*). Howly murder! Did yez iver hear the loike av that! Ohone, ohone! That Oi shud live to be chated loike that.

HARD. Never mind, Sir Michael. Your lovely wife will make your pathway bright and if you should get hard up you can turn doctor again.

TAB. Dear, Sir Michael. Shall we not soon depart for our ancestral castles?

DEN. Begorries, Oi'd be glad to if some one wud lend me a balloon.

TAB. What on earth do you want of a balloon?

HARD. Why, he means that his castles are all in the air.

TAB. Oh, you lying wretch!

Enter SUNFLOWER, R., nose bloody, clothes torn.

SUN. Golly! I beliebe yo. Say, you doctor man, de nex

time yo wants anyting down to de drug store yo git him yo-self, will yo ?

DEN. Begorries, phat's der matter wid you ?

SUN. Why, yo see, I done showed dat yere piece ob paper to de man what keeps de drug store, and he got mad and said I 'sulted him, and I tole him he's anudder, an den he tried to mop de floor wif me—dat's all. I say—you's a big fraud—you is.

. SLOW CURTAIN.

Trousers for Mr Fuser

Gloves

Paper for prescription

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ACT III. — Radcliffe dormitory. A college girl's room. A strange man. Aline's arrival. The power of the Mahatmas. An elopement. "A pad for red ink." Fumigation. Ominous "signs." The search. "The real Mr. Williams." Explanations. JACK TAKES THE TRICK.

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SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. "My Country, 'tis of thee." Hunting eggs. A sad pickle. The dance in the old barn. The donation. The Deacon's speech. Jim and Grace. A position of trust. The wayward son. The robbery. The innocent victim. "Give me until to-morrow—for her sake." A REPRIEVE.

ACT II. "The Girl I left behind me." Making butter and making love. Bob and Bess. High kicking. "A new exercise in the public schools." The Major and the Mex can war. A confession. "Father, you do not doubt me!" The accusation. Uncle John's sacrifice. The passing regiment. "God bring you back to us when your duty is done." OFF TO THE WAR.

ACT III. "From Atlanta to the Sea." Debby and the Major. Personalities. Letters from the front. "Our Jim a Captain!" The birthday party. A thunderbolt. "Mortally wounded." THE BITTERNESS OF DEATH.

ACT IV. "When Johnny comes marching Home." Hope deferred. Bad news. The invalid. "She must not know." Deacon Tidd and the mortgage. "One, two, three, git!" The Major to the rescue. A disappointed old maid. The newspaper. The dark hour before the dawn. The dead alive. A prodigal son. THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

THE MAN WHO WENT TO EUROPE.

A COMEDIETTA IN ONE ACT.

By **CLARA J. DENTON.**

Author of "A CHANGE OF COLOR," "TO MEET MR. THOMPSON," ETC.

Three male, two female characters, and a small boy. A good-natured hit at a very common human weakness; very slight, but amusing. Plays fifteen minutes.

Price, 15 Cents.

A NEW CUBAN PLAY.

THE ROUGH RIDER.

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS.

By BERNARD F. MOORE.

Seven male, two female characters. Costumes modern and military; scenery easy but effective. This piece, reflecting as it does the current patriotic sentiment and dealing with the scenes and incidents of the late war, is likely to be very popular with amateur clubs this season. The attempt has been made in it to construct an effective play, providing stirring pictures and situations, inspiring patriotic sentiment, and recalling familiar incidents of the war, without the use of supernumeraries or the need of elaborate scenery or properties. Better plays, no doubt, can be written, but better plays for the use of amateurs, bearing in mind their artistic limitations and the difficulties offered by elaborate scenery and groupings, are not often to be had. A small cast, strongly marked characters, Negro and Irish comedy parts, rapid movement and strong lines unite to recommend this piece, which plays about two hours.

Price 15 Cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I.—War clouds. The new overseer. Father and son. The blowing-up of the "Maine." A glimpse into the past. A scheme of revenge. An Irishman's courtship. Nigger vs. Irish. A serious question. A declaration of love and another of war. The call for volunteers. "Take that, you Spanish dog!" The first blow for the freedom of Cuba.

ACT II.—Sergeant Rafferty. The Rough Riders. Alma in danger. The Cuban spy. A letter. Sam and Dennis. "Chickens, or I'm a liar!" A meeting. News from Manila. Traitors in camp. Danger. The poisoned water. The abduction. "We'll save him or die in the attempt!"

ACT III.—In a Spanish prison. A black angel. Explanations. Planning an escape. The villain shows his hand. A forced marriage. "Remember! a Spaniard never forgets." The Cuban spy again. The bombardment of Santiago. Laying low. The marriage ceremony. The tables turned. "There's one blow for the Stars and Stripes." The fall of Santiago.

ACT IV.—Peace once more. A mysterious stranger. Suspensions. The Spanish kidnapper. Señor Rafferty's proposal. A colored "best man." The broken dishes. Throwing off the mask. "I am no servant." In the nick of time. Rescued. A cowardly trick. "Pedro, you have saved my life."

AN OPEN SECRET.

A FARCE IN TWO ACTS.

FOR FEMALE CHARACTERS ONLY.

By MARION D. CAMPBELL.

As originally presented by the Emmanuel Club, Radcliffe College, Cambridge. Ten female characters. Costumes, outing dresses; scene, a college room. A particularly bright and vivacious little glimpse of college life, presenting a particularly humorous and characteristic story with much vigor and skill. A brand new plot in a piece for female characters only is something of a rarity, but the author has hit upon something absolutely novel in this piece, and full of incidental humor and interest. Strongly recommended.

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The Magistrate.

A FARCE IN THREE ACTS.

Twelve male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. The merits of this excellent and amusing piece, one of the most popular of its author's plays, are well attested by long and repeated runs in the principal American theatres. It is of the highest class of dramatic writing, and is uproariously funny, and at the same time unexceptionable in tone. Its entire suitability for amateur performance has been shown by hundreds of such productions from manuscript during the past three years. Plays two hours and a half.

NOTE.—This play is sold for reading only. The acting right is reserved, and can be obtained only upon payment of an author's royalty of \$10 for each performance.

Price, 50 Cents.

Dandy Dick.

A FARCE IN THREE ACTS.

Seven male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, two interiors. This very amusing piece was another success in the New York and Boston theatres, and has been extensively played from manuscript by amateurs, for whom it is in every respect suited. It provides an unusual number of capital character parts, is very funny, and an excellent acting piece. Plays two hours and a half.

NOTE.—This play is sold for reading only. The acting right is reserved, and can only be obtained upon payment of an author's royalty of \$10 for each performance.

Price, 50 Cents.

The Hobby Horse.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

Ten male, five female characters. Scenery, two interiors and an exterior; costumes, modern. This piece is best known in this country through the admirable performance of Mr. John Hare, who produced it in all the principal cities. Its story presents a clever satire of false philanthropy, and is full of interest and humor. Well adapted for amateurs, by whom it has been successfully acted. Plays two hours and a half.

NOTE.—This play is sold for reading only. The acting right is reserved, and can only be obtained upon payment of an author's royalty of \$10 for each performance.

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NEW PLAYS.

The Flying Wedge.

A FOOTBALL FARCE. IN ONE ACT.

By GRACE LIVINGSTON FURNISS.

Author of "A BOX OF MONKEYS," "SECOND FLOOR SPOOPENDYKE," "THE CORNER-LOT CHORUS," etc.

Three male and five female characters. Scene, an interior. Costumes, modern. A bright and vivacious piece in Miss Furniss's very best vein. An overwhelming success in its original Empire Theatre production, and a favorite with amateur clubs in the past two seasons, during which it has been offered as a manuscript piece under royalty. We have much pleasure in offering this popular farce for sale as a book, upon the ordinary terms, and in announcing that after Jan. 1, 1898, it may be played without payment of royalty. It is confidently recommended to young people as an amusing, up-to-date piece, full of fun, and yet incapable of giving offence to the most scrupulous taste. This, and the circumstance that it offers parts for more ladies than gentlemen, make its publication an apt answer to a very large and urgent demand for just such a play. It plays about forty-five minutes.

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A COMEDY IN ONE ACT.

Five female characters. Scene, an interior. Costumes, modern. A capital little play for ladies, affording four well-contrasted parts of nearly equal value and strength. Described by a professional auditor of its first performance as "the best play for all women that I ever saw." This, too, was one of the notable productions of the late Nelson Wheatcroft, at his successful Empire Theatre Dramatic School, New York, and is a welcome addition to our large, but never large enough, list of plays for female characters. "A Dead Heat" can be played after Jan. 1, 1898, without payment of royalty.

Price , , , . . 15 Cents.

NEW PLAYS.

The Wrecker's Daughter.

A DRAMA IN THREE ACTS.

By B. F. MOORE,

Author of "CAPTAIN JACK," "THE IRISH AGENT," ETC.

Five male and two female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, all interiors. A very simple and effective domestic melodrama, its scenes laid on the coast of Maine. All the characters are good and all of nearly equal prominence; that of Pat Murphy being a particularly strong Irish low-comedy part. This piece is especially adapted for the use of younger amateurs who want something strong with plenty of chance to act. Situations thrilling. Not a parlor play or at all suited to people in search of a quiet piece.

Price 15 cents.

Synopsis.

ACT I.—The child of the wreck. A Pat reply. The revenue cutter. Pat's sea-legs. Essie's secret. "Let her choose between us." The detective. "A piece of nice fat pork." *The Spy!* "Don't move or I'll fire!" AT BAY.

ACT II.—Bill's visitor. "The only bright spot in my life." A clue. Identified. "I want no reward for doing my duty." An intruder. Pat and Lucy. Jealousy. The wrecker. "For the last time." A double traitor. The false light. Just in time. SAVED!

ACT III.—The trial. Essie decides. "I will remain with the only father I have ever known." The betrayal. Revenged. Phil and Essie. Pat's proposal. The license. "A quiet little nap." THE END OF ALL!

LOVE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

A FARCE IN ONE ACT.

By ROSEMARY BAUM,

Author of "THAT BOX OF CIGARETTES."

Three male and three female characters. Costumes and scenery easy. This is a very pretty and delicately humorous play by the author of the popular "That Box of Cigarettes," by which its general character can be judged. The ladies' parts are especially strong.—Polly, the "bound" girl, and Mrs. Capel Robinson, a local Mrs. Malaprop, affording excellent comedy. Its story is very original and humorous and its dialogue particularly good. A capital play for hall or parlor.

Price 15 cents.

A NEW IRISH DRAMA.

LANTY'S LUCK;

Or, FALSELY ACCUSED.

A DRAMA OF IRISH LIFE IN THREE ACTS.

By F. N. LAWRENCE.

FIVE male, four female characters. Costumes, modern; scenery, not difficult. This is a play perfectly adapted both in sentiment and in humor to the tastes and capacities of amateur organizations. Lanty McNally is another of those fascinating "ne'er-do-wells," so widely popularized by the late Mr. Boucicault, who earn every one's sympathy without always deserving it, and his "luck," while bad enough for a time for dramatic purposes, is finally triumphant in a capital last act. The cast is small but proportionately strong in its individual parts. Arte is a capital soubrette character, Richard, a strong heavy, and Murty, Pat, and Old Meg, strong character parts. Its compact cast and simplicity in production fit it admirably for amateur performance. It has been played "on the road" by professionals for a season with good success. Plays a full evening.

Price 25 cents.

SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. — Winding yarn. The young widow. The diamond brooch. The tool and its handle. The runaway. Fish stories. The dove and the hawk. Repulsed. Lanty and the thimble. An Irish courtship. The stolen kiss. A pretty plot. The trusted messenger. The stolen jewels. "Those diamonds were mine and I refuse to prosecute him!" **HARD LUCK.**

ACT II. — Murty and the sparklers. The Fair of Dunloe. A social outcast. Lanty's "widdy." Old Meg. On the scent of the thief. The breath of shame. Lanty as a detective. Two kinds of love-making. "Down in the Well." A false friend. "I don't want your money — it would burn the skin off me hands." **BETTER LUCK.**

ACT III. — Old Meg again. Lanty on the trail. Playing the witch. An unfair advantage. "She'll skin me alive when she finds out it's me!" Witchcraft. Murty's secret. A hero in petticoats. The devil's tryst. A quarrel among thieves. "Curse him! He has me in his power!" Cornered. Murty and the spirits. The Scotch kiss. The jewels found at last. The tables turned. Good for evil. "I forgive ye — that is, for five minutes." **GOOD LUCK.**

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